

Accelerate

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30721931) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30721931>.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game) |
| Relationship: | Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Character: | Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Additional Tags: | Alternate Universe - Car Racing , Street Racing , Car Sex , Blow Jobs , Smut , Anal Sex , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Nipple Piercings , Nipple Play , Hand Jobs , Oral Sex , Sexual Tension , Making Out , Sex on a Car , Blow Jobs in a Car , Porn Without Plot , STOP SAYING YOU EXPECTED PLOT , BECAUSE THERE IS NO FUCKING PLOT , PORN WITHOUT FUCKING PLOT NO PLOT |
| Language: | English |
| Collections: | International Fanworks Day 2022 - Classic Fic Recs |
| Stats: | Published: 2021-04-16 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 15317 |

Accelerate

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

“You did good.” Oh god his accent. “I don’t think I’ve seen you race that well before.”

Dream looked over to him, raising an eyebrow amidst his prideful grin. “You’ve come to my races before?”

Dream likes to race for the rush of adrenaline, and George looks so pretty when he waves the starting flags.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

isntitcrazy

Chapter Notes

hello it's ao3 mars user isntitcrazy !! i had so much fun writing this :D it was such a fun au and oo spicy
so i wrote the first chapter and honk wrote the second! mwah <3

hey, honk here to explicitly say both mars and i do **NOT** want reuploads anywhere. we also do not want anyone writing "smut-free accelerate" because that is just. so disrespectful. please come up with your own plot.

also! don't know why this one has to be said, but please stop mentioning it to cc's. this means no donations, no spamming twitch chats, even no talking about it in discord. because yes, i've seen screenshots of people mentioning accelerate while dream is doing his little podcast thing. so please, stop that, respect both mars and i :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's favorite part was the adrenaline.

It spread through his body in a red-hot wildfire, caught his veins all the way down to the tips of his fingers where they shook around the steering wheel. It made his breath ragged and audible above the rev of his engine, felt akin to the high he got on something else illegal—but if he had to choose which one was better, it'd be this. He'd probably pick racing over anything.

For Dream, it was the perfect way to settle disputes. A clear winner, a surefire end, something fair so long as their cars were both good enough. And Dream's cherry red supercar was always good enough to race—with how much time he spent taking care of it, it was bound to be. It only ever came down to his opponent's ride. And theirs was usually good, too.

Dream was rarely someone struck by road rage, rarely the idiot who caused an accident because he couldn't manage his temper and had to prove something to a stranger on the road. He preferred the races that were planned, the ones that gathered a crowd on the sides of the road all cheering for one or the other. The ones that were, as Dream liked, to settle disputes. When he'd get a little too pissed at his friend and they'd bet to race on it, to spend some extra time doting on their cars only to line up and do something dangerous.

Maybe it was safer when it was planned. Still illegal, but safer. Even if it was only just a little.

And Dream got in a lot of petty fights with his best friend Sapnap. A hot-headed raven with a fast car to call his own and hands that were itching to get on the wheel. He rivaled Dream in impulsiveness, rivaled Dream in that soul-binding feeling of getting in the driver's seat of a needlessly fast car and staring down that yellow line. They both lived for the thrill of it—and for the past two-odd years since they'd spent drowned in this illegal mess, it'd become the only way they'd manage to settle arguments.

Like when the TV in their apartment fell off the wall in the dead of night and they raced to see who'd pay for the replacement. Or when Sapnap accused Dream of stealing the money he kept under his mattress and Dream insisted that he didn't, and a stupid race felt like the only way to end

their mutual silent treatment.

Or most notably, when Sapnap stole Dream's girlfriend and they raced each other for her. She'd been half as crazy as they were, crazy enough to stand on the yellow line and wave the checkered flag. Crazy enough to even let two idiots speed their too-expensive cars down the road to see who'd win her lips around their cock, crazy enough to spin around and watch them go.

Sapnap won that race. Dream couldn't be mad about it.

But sometimes, they were just bored. Bored enough to be idiots. It happened more often than either of them would care to admit, but slogs of nothing often got them both in the driver's seat of their supercars. Maybe those races were the most fun, because the burning hot adrenaline wasn't warring with reckless fury, and Dream could let it fill his body with unbridled want all on its own.

Those were the races planned the most in advance—because there wasn't a rage-sensitive time limit—the ones that drew the biggest crowds of friends and randoms looking for something illegal and fast. The ones with the loudest engines and the most screaming, the ones where picking sides was a matter of favoritism and not whose part of the argument made the most objective sense.

Sapnap talked a lot about the flag girls for those races. Dream had never paid them much mind, so he let Sapnap pick who got to stand in the road and start their race. And he would—wearing a self-assured grin and holding those checkered flags in the air, he'd call on any pretty girl brave enough to take them from his hands.

He was easily distracted by their presence. The girls in their tight clothes and the way they'd twist their bodies to wave those flags like a starting gun, the way they'd risk something in themselves to stand in between two cars planning to speed just for a fair start to it. Or just because they liked the attention; which if you asked Sapnap, was the more likely story. He was more than happy to give them attention.

Dream wasn't nearly as distracted as his friend was. He always managed to keep his eyes facing front, only looking just enough to watch the wave of black-and-white checkers in the air. He'd let Sapnap talk his ear off about how hot the flag girl had looked after every race, but he never found himself eager to be much of an active participant in those conversations.

Not until it wasn't a girl.

Before Sapnap had even gotten in the road with the flags, a pretty brunet in short shorts had taken them from his hands. And with a British accent doused in saccharine, he'd whispered right in Sapnap's ear about how he *"had this one."* It wasn't a question. He was waving the flags that time, and Sapnap didn't have it in him to make it an argument—he just watched him take his stance.

Dream was all adrenaline when he got behind his wheel. And the sun was too high for them to be doing something illegal, and the crowd around them was too big for it to go unnoticed. The whole thing was built on nothing but impulse, a cocky smirk from Sapnap before the sun rose when there was melon-flavored smoke hung in clouds between them. And Dream was never someone to turn down a race, so here he was. Foot hovering over the gas, teeth gritted in reckless wait.

And his body ran hot the moment he caught sight of the flag girl. Flag *boy*.

He held those checkered flags like he owned the whole street, clad in tight red shorts that matched Dream's car just a little too well. Dream had never seen fishnets look so good on someone's legs before, but that boy's legs went on for *days*. And all that was before he even considered the

cropped black jacket or the tiny little shirt to go beneath it.

Dream had never been so tense in the driver's seat. And he'd never made full eye contact with a flag girl before, never caught the gleam of mirth in anyone's gaze through his freshly cleaned windshield. He'd never had them return his looks or cast him a playful wink with the over-exaggerated mouthing of "*good luck*" through pretty pink lips.

Maybe if Dream won, he'd get that guy's attention.

He let himself catch on the way the brunet arched his back. On the way he rolled his shoulders, on the way the stretch of it made his already tiny shirt ride higher on his chest and expose even more of that pretty pale skin.

Dream took a stuttered breath and brought his eyes back to the road. The flags fell, and his foot pushed down on the gas. He was gone.

And for the first time, Dream shifted his gaze to his side mirror after speeding off. And he *looked* for that boy in the reflection, caught the way he jumped up excitedly and waved those flags around with his mouth dropped open in a cheer. Caught him break out into a run after the two speeding cars, followed closely by all the other bystanders that Dream couldn't bring himself to care about.

He took a side glance at Sapnap's car beside him. It looked like nothing but a flash of orange wrap, but even still, Dream knew he was ahead. At some point, he'd taken a commanding lead.

And his lead managed to last. He hit their decided finish line first, hit the brakes on his car and came to a screeching halt, stumbled out onto the road in wind-blown victory. Sapnap was only a little bitter, but Dream was far too caught up in a pretty flag boy to pay his friend any mind. A pretty flag boy who seemed to be approaching him, still twirling the flags that gave him the name in his hands.

Dream was still riding his own high when the brunet leaned against the side of his car, smiling with teeth through his pretty pink lips and rolling his eyes not-so-subtly over the whole of Dream's body. Dream ran fingers through his hair with a type of lax casual that made it seem like he wasn't paying the boy any mind, but that was the furthest thing from the truth. He was going insane, just silently.

"You did good." *Oh god his accent.* "I don't think I've seen you race that well before."

Dream looked over to him, raising an eyebrow amidst his prideful grin. "You've come to my races before?"

The boy only shrugged, dragged a lone finger along a vein on Dream's arm until he hit the sleeve of his t-shirt. Dream hoped he didn't look too flustered, hoped the heat of his skin could be blamed on the burning sun and the adrenaline running flames through his body. He let himself watch the movement of the brunet's hand, paying threateningly close attention to the slimness of his wrist and the bright red lacquer that covered his nails.

His gaze fell to the red shorts that clung to the boy's legs, matching fishnets running up under the fabric. It was then that Dream noticed just *how* closely those shorts matched his car, the reds blending into each other in one smother of vicious cherry.

Dream touched one of his fingers to the red on the brunet's thigh, letting his prideful gaze twist into something just a tad closer to scarlet arrogance.

"Your shorts match my car."

The boy grinned. "I know."

"Oh," Dream smirked back, "so it's intentional?"

The boy shrugged, let Dream's hand slide up to cover his waist. And he took a daring step closer, planted his hand against the front of Dream's chest when they spun to face each other properly.

"You know," he flicked his nails against Dream's chest, "your windshield's very clean."

"It is," Dream tugged him closer, "I care a lot about my car."

The brunet spread his palm flat against Dream's front, holding both the checkered flags down at his side in the other. And his pretty brown eyes fell to Dream's lips for a moment, staring through those too-long eyelashes when they slid up to meet his gaze again.

There was something coy and playful in that stare. Dream let his grip tighten around the boy's waist, digging into the exposed skin of his middle as a pinky finger slid beneath the waistband of those damn red shorts.

"I can see you through it."

"Oh," Dream laughed, soft and caught beneath his breath, "can you?"

"Yeah," he tapped the flags against Dream's leg, "you're very hot when you're focused," he slid his finger up to catch under Dream's jaw, "and I can totally see you staring at me."

"Yeah?" Dream spoke with playful tease. "You gonna do something about it?"

The brunet only shrugged. "Maybe."

Dream scoffed near-silently, glancing sideways over the roof of his car for a moment before he shoved their lips together. His advances were accepted without question, the sound of checkered flags hitting the road painfully obvious as the boy rose up on his toes. He took Dream's shoulders and tried to tug him down, his side hitting against the door of the hot car when Dream tilted his head to take it.

Large hands pulled on a tiny waist. They slid downward to more unsavory places, slipped fingers beneath tight fabric and gripped with something best described as *claim*. Pink lips fell open on a gasp and Dream took it as an invitation, licked into the boy's mouth with the rush of something crimson shaded. His lips were soft, *so soft*, and he tasted of false sugar and roaring fantasies. He tasted just the way he looked. He tasted red and eye-catching.

Dream was poorly rendered melon flavor and the bite of nicotine. He was the chilled stain of menthol left behind on reckless lips, a mouth full of bad decisions and ivory teeth that dug with a desired firmness. And the brunet took every drop of trouble that oozed past Dream's pressing lips, split his own mouth open to welcome its taste.

It was a pathetically rude interruption when a fist slammed against the roof of Dream's car, the sound of it loud enough to jolt the pair away from each other and draw their open-mouth stares to its source. It was Sapnap, already retreating backward to his own car as he shouted across the road.

"Stop making out with the flag boy and *go!*"

And he was climbing into the driver's seat before Dream could get a word in. It was then that the

sharp blare of sirens found Dream's ears, and he was shoving at the brunet before he could even think about it.

"Get in my car," he spoke with breathless intent, "we've gotta run."

The boy gathered the abandoned checkered flags up off the road—and *god* did he look good bending over—and ran around the back of Dream's car to fall into the passenger seat. Dream was running on borrowed time, twisting his keys in the ignition while he closed his door and pressing his foot on the gas while the brunet shut his.

It was more than stupid to hang around a racing site after a race, but if Dream wasn't stupid then he wouldn't have even raced to begin with. And that was neglecting the fact that he *liked* this part of the deal—another illegal excuse to drive too fast, the wash of blue and red lights and the unbearably loud ring, the familiar rush beneath his skin that left him clawing for more.

And his mouth was still painted with invisible red, a strange tingle left behind against his lips that felt akin to a body-killing substance. Like something he could grow addicted to—pins and needles pricking sensitive skin, washing his entire face hot with something undefinable, something made better by seatbelt-less speeding down an unfamiliar road.

"How fast does this thing go?"

Dream cast his glance to the boy whom that voice belonged to, found his long fingers caught around the handle on the roof and his foot pushed on the dashboard for stability. His face would cover in blue before Dream found the sense to look back at the road, flick his eyes down to the speedometer in a moment of weakness.

Even still, he didn't give a proper answer.

"Fast enough."

A laugh emitted from beside him, bright and lilted as if there was anything casual about this situation. Anything casual about high-speed chasing and feeling above the law, about reckless driving and a dangerous lack of safety precautions.

"Is there a number?"

Dream laughed in return. "Numbers don't matter much, babe."

There was something unspoken beneath the rose color to his tone, an implication of what could come if they ever outran the law. Dream flicked his eyes over to the brunet for another fleeting moment, finding the same shade of pink beneath his playful grin. He was alight with mirth, colored dangerous by shades of red and blue, still a vicious glow of *something* in all his too-tight clothes.

"Is your car compensating for something?"

Dream laughed, drew his eyes back to the speedometer to watch the little red pointer slip ever-closer to the max. He took a sharp turn and watched Sapnap's car swerve in the opposite direction, splitting the cops behind them apart in a hopeless chase.

Dream's heart was pounding in his ears. Every breath he took through grinning lips was shaking, every tick of laughter stuttered. He tightened his grip on the wheel to keep it steady, pretended he didn't notice the intent gaze the brunet had set on his fingers.

He answered finally. "No."

The boy beside him laughed quietly in response, though it was half-lost to the loud sirens from behind them. And when Dream glanced over at him *again*, he saw his free hand holding the armrest with a white-knuckled grip, every inch of him tight in an attempt to stay in place.

Dream looked at the road. "I never caught your name."

The brunet laughed in hiding again. "George."

"Well, George." Dream shifted the placement of his hands. "You wanna see how fast this baby can go?"

"If you'll show me."

So Dream floored it—as if he wasn't flooring it already—and sped even faster down the street. George yelped at the sudden increase in speed, both their heads colliding with the backs of their seats despite already resting there.

Dream was all laughs and spiked adrenaline. George felt unfamiliar with this kind of high. The kind of high that was rushing, the kind that was tidal waves of fierce heat—nearly unmanageable in its vicious presence, enough to make George feel as though he might break. Edged, edged, *edged* by death until there was nothing left but loud noise and faster cars.

The whole point was to win the chase, and to win the chase they had to lose the cops on their tail. It became a too-fast game of tricky maneuvers, of spinning the steering wheel and endangering everyone within a mile's radius until Dream could get his speeding car out of range from those pretty red-blue lights. Turning, turning, turning again—speeding into a dead empty alley and slamming the brakes before his car hit a wall.

The sirens went rolling past them. They'd won.

Dream looked over at George, who'd caught his roll forward with two hands on the dashboard. He returned Dream's watchful gaze with a wide-eyed stare of his own, chest heaving with exertion despite their lack of physical activity. Dream let his eyes roll over George's slim frame again, let his adrenaline-fueled body surge hotter with something needy, let his gaze linger on the exposed skin between locks of mesh tights for a moment too long.

"We should probably wait here for a bit." Dream spoke with a pathetic breathlessness that he wished to blame on nothing but high speeds, but he'd never learned how to lie to himself. "To make sure we lost them for real."

George swallowed thickly. "Yeah."

"My car," Dream took a breath, dropped his gaze onto George's parted lips, "it's pretty hard to miss."

"We should wait—" Dream spit out a quiet "*yeah*" in the midst of George's pause, "—just to be safe."

"Safety," Dream nodded, "is important."

George hummed in agreement, leaning forward over the armrest to catch Dream's fatal lips with his again. And he'd lost some of his cut melon to the feel of whatever it was that tasted like *Dream*—the mild, unidentifiable flavor that couldn't be bottled or hardened into candy. There was still that edge of danger behind his ivory teeth, still the tang of nicotine when George caught his tongue against his own.

Dream moved his lips with a scarlet intent, threaded fingers through dark hair and tugged George closer in his uncomfortable position. They both leaned against the armrests attached to their seats, letting the firm obstructions cut into their abdomens as they chased each other with high-speed intent. Dream managed to grab at exposed skin again, trail his fingers down George's side until he felt his body shiver, felt him push their locked lips firmer and throw away the key.

Hands couldn't grab well enough, George couldn't get Dream any closer with tugs on his shirt, and no matter how much he sat up on his leg he couldn't press their bodies together. Their lips fell apart in a much-needed gasp, two mouths falling open to take in as much air as they could in a single second before they collapsed into each other again.

George was so red so fucking *red*, brighter than Dream's car and starker than spilled blood. He was rose-colored whimpers into Dream's open mouth, chest falling forward in a way that forced his head to tilt upward and give Dream a better angle to spit danger past his lips. Their mouths slid together in something alight with need, something flaming at the meeting point and hotter than liquid metal.

"There's," George stole another kiss before Dream could finish, "there's no backseat to my car."

George pulled him downward again, shoved their lips back together in something rough and sliding, felt the snag of Dream's teeth against his sensitive skin. Dream caught a hand around his jaw and pulled him forward, pressed his exposed stomach tighter against the armrest until it became more pain than discomfort, dug teeth into his bottom lip until George tugged away with a huff.

"Fuck you," he bit Dream's lip in retaliation, "fuck you and your stupid car."

Dream laughed, flicking his tongue over George's parted lips. He dropped the hand from George's head to gesture vaguely at the seat he was sitting in, raising an eyebrow as if that would give George all the answers. It didn't. All it got Dream was an incredulous look through lust-darkened eyes.

"Sit on my lap."

George grabbed Dream by the shoulders and pulled, another laugh spilling past the blond's lips. And they maneuvered themselves around—with a lot of difficulty and climbing—so Dream was sitting in the passenger seat with George straddling his hips. Dream threaded his fingers through the red of the fishnets, used his new angle to drag his lips up the column of George's throat. Sank his teeth into the pale skin just as he had done to pink lips, sucked it into his mouth in a hunger-driven chase for violet.

Something about George called for Dream to mark him *his*. Something about his pretty face and the not enough clothing, something about the two checkered flags he'd dropped on the floor of the car, something about his painfully silver tongue and the sharpest taste of red he'd ever found. His pale, empty skin was the most tempting canvas when the brush was ruthless lips, when the paint was pink and purple and only semi-permanent.

George bounced, *bounced* on Dream's lap when he trailed blossoms of amethyst down the side of his neck. And any stimulation was welcome stimulation, but fucking *bouncing* was certainly a step above that. Dream tried not to sound too pathetic when he groaned against George's skin, but even he had enough common sense with his lust-heavy brain to know he'd failed terribly.

The hands caught on George's thighs dared to skate higher, trailing over his hips and up the exposed parts of his body. Dream paused the motion of his hands at the hem of George's shirt,

caught only middle fingers beneath the fabric until a pale hand caught around his wrist and pulled him higher. Dream laughed light into George's neck, grinned ever-so-slightly against the violet-turning skin as pale fingers slid down his arm and to his shoulder.

Dream pushed his hands up to drag thumbs over George's nipples. The chill of it was unmistakable, the responding mewl that rang out at such a light touch only a bonus.

"Oh," Dream pulled his lips away, "is that what I think it is?"

George was practically pouting at him, drawing his fingers tighter in the fabric covering Dream's shoulders until it gathered beneath his palms. He took it upon himself to bounce again, to lean into the touch Dream had on his nipples and fall against his face with a sloppy excuse for a kiss.

Dream pushed him back up to sit straight, rucked his shirt up to his collarbones to expose the metal in question. The cloth was tight enough to stay there even after Dream pulled his hands away, fabric catching on the top of his chest and leaving the glossy metal exposed. Two pretty barbells, silver and gleaming.

"*Of course* you have nipple piercings," Dream huffed, flicking one of them for emphasis.

George whined, but he still managed to roll a smirk over his kiss-swollen lips. He put his hand on top of Dream's, urged him to press his palm harder against the piercing.

"Do you like them?"

It came out shakier than he wanted it to, but every word was still edged with a playful carmine. Like he already knew the answer—because he *did* know the answer. The groan Dream gave in answer was unnecessary evidence to something already known, fuel to something red and burning beneath their feet.

The car was still running. It emitted a low hum to back the heaving breaths between the both of them, a shadow of a reminder that they were still sitting in an alley, on top of each other in the passenger seat of a probably-wanted vehicle.

None of that mattered. "Yeah, I fucking like them." *That's* what mattered.

George found it in him to nod in response, to twist his fingers tighter in the fabric on Dream's shoulders. He gripped the back of Dream's hand with a cutting hold, dug those red-coated nails into the skin beneath them until Dream was hissing through grit teeth. Hissing and leaning forward, laving his tongue over the nipple his hand wasn't covering.

His skin tasted red, too. Tasted scarlet and sweat-salted against the flat of his tongue, gliding, *gliding* over the newly exposed skin and catching on the silver metal when he swirled his tongue. That was bitter metallic, sharp and biting enough to cut through the drip of red.

When Dream caught his teeth against the barbell, George mewled. Every tug on the shining metal was enough to pull a sound from the brunet, enough to make him writhe in Dream's lap and dig those pretty red nails harder into his skin. Dream managed to shift his nearly-bleeding hand enough to pinch George's nipple between two fingers, flicking his tongue over the spheres on the other barbell.

He slid his hand past the waistband of absurdly tight shorts just as George caught his fingers through blond hair, pulling his nails out of Dream's skin and leaving those pretty crescent-shaped marks. Dream used his newfound freedom to drag his thumb roughly over the piercing, shifting the metal beneath pale skin enough to make George whine. And he fell into Dream's advances, shoved

one of his hands down between their bodies to palm hopelessly at his cock through his jeans.

“Dream—” George stuttered when teeth caught on the skin around his piercing, “—I want—” gasped when Dream gripped onto his ass, “—want to suck,” Dream tugged on both piercings, “suck you off.”

Dream only laughed, the sound isolated in his throat as he caught his tongue around a silver barbell. He pulled off with a sickening *pop* in delicious suction, grinned up at George with spit-slick lips and tried not to groan when the brunet grabbed his cock roughly. He twisted the piercing in his hand to sit vertical, watched George’s face twist and mouth drop open on a stuttered breath.

“Your nipples are sensitive.”

It was low and whispering, pressed in cooling breath right against George’s wet piercing. It was barely enough stimulation to roll a shiver up his spine, to make his breath stutter and the hand in Dream’s hair pull tighter. He leaned forward and gave a desirable amount of pressure to Dream’s aching cock, a groan falling past his lips before he had the chance to stifle it.

“I know,” George answered. “Now let me suck your cock.”

“God,” Dream tugged on the piercing, “you really want that, huh?”

George whined. “Yes.”

Dream flicked the barbell between his fingers hard enough for his nails to click, dragged his tongue up the side of George’s neck in a wet stripe. He placed a gentle kiss on top of a too-dark hickey, the hand in his hair growing impatient with frantic tugging.

George tried to bounce again, shifted his hand up to Dream’s abdomen so he could roll his hips down against his cock. Dream pulled his hand out of George’s shorts, slapping his ass harshly in retaliation. George mewled at the contact, tugged on Dream’s hair hard enough for his head to knock against the headrest.

“Fuck,” Dream stuttered over his next breath, “get on your knees.”

There was no hesitation in George’s swift movement, barely even a pause between Dream’s commanding sentence and his collapse onto the floor. He slid himself off of Dream’s lap and onto the floor between his legs, caught halfway under the dashboard and batting his eyelashes up at Dream like that position was *comfortable*.

Maybe it was. Dream wouldn’t put it past George and his skin-tight shorts, nor would he put it past those pretty pierced nipples. Pierced nipples that he could still see, on full display beneath the shirt still caught beneath his collarbones.

George was already letting his hands wander, tugging at Dream’s belt and waistband in the midst of pushing at the hem of his shirt. Dream finally relented and stripped his torso bare, cast the fabric to the side so it landed somewhere in the driver’s seat. And George had moved his fingers well enough to unbuckle Dream’s belt, well enough to unfasten his jeans properly and shove impatient hands into his boxers.

Dream resisted the urge to make a comment about it, instead lifting his hips up off the seat enough for George to get his cock out. He looked way too pretty on his knees between Dream’s thighs, fluttering his too-long lashes over those darkened eyes and licking his pink lips wet. His gaze was lidded, a stare in a matching shade of red to the lacquer on his nails. Nails that looked so devilishly pretty when pale hands slid against Dream’s cock with deliberate slowness, letting Dream feel the

curve of his palm against him and the softness of long fingers.

And there were still two checkered flags spread across the floor by George's legs, a black-and-white reminder of exactly what had brought them into this position to begin with. A reminder seldom needed when the car they were stuck in was so hidden from street view, the only light being that of the sun and the faint echo of dingy street lights.

Dream was moments away from a demand to *get on with it* when George slid his tongue across the head of his cock. Lapped up any precum that had slid out, rolled his tongue over his upper lip before repeating the motion—the same exact thing, only slower on the second time. Dream let his breath shake on the exhale, met George's eyes in something shaded cardinal, felt the brightly hued threads where they hung heavy in the air.

George swirled his tongue, dipped his head just low enough to catch Dream past his lips. His pretty, *pink* lips—fuck, did he have the lips for this—still half-swollen on biting kisses and looking all too pretty to not be messed up more. And he kept them tight when he slid down around Dream's cock, sucked more of him into that slick mouth and dragged his hand up to meet on the downstroke.

“*God.*” Dream caught his hands in George's dark hair, urging him to drag his lips lower until he hit the back of his throat. “You're so fucking pretty like this.”

George keened in response. He fluttered his eyes shut with contentment, slid his hand down to rest against Dream's thigh to take the rest of him. His eyes slid open in a thin line of dark against white, his lips dragging upward with a tongue pressed firm against the underside of his cock. Dragging up along a pulsing vein, leaving Dream nothing short of shuddering but still in a pathetic need for *more*.

He was going so slow. So pathetically *slow*, unfortunately deliberate in a way that Dream could barely fathom. Like he wanted this to be the slowest blowjob imaginable, like he wanted to sit on his spread knees on the floor of Dream's too-expensive car for as long as possible. He even went as far as to pull off completely, placing one of his hands back on Dream's cock to roll a thumb over the slit.

He blinked up at Dream with startling innocence, an innocence that felt unearned when he was teasing Dream's cock like that. Unearned when his lips were already dripping, when his eyes were hazy behind the act and screaming out to be seen in scarlet.

“You wanted this so bad,” Dream gripped onto George's cheek, pressed a thumb against his lower lip to pry his mouth open, “fucking take it, yeah?”

He spit into George's open mouth, feeling the way the hand on his cock tightened absentmindedly when George whined high and in his throat. He closed his mouth and swallowed like he meant it, parted his lips on a sputtering breath that sounded slick with all the rest of it. He nodded carefully, almost miniscule enough for Dream to miss the motion entirely.

It came much quicker, then. The slide of swelling lips around Dream's cock, a hand sliding downward to catch around Dream's thigh again. And he kept his mouth insatiably tight, kept his eyes shut as he moved his head in a quicker but still deliberate motion.

The obscenity of it was impenetrably crimson. The slick noises that filled the space of Dream's car, the thumb still pushed against the stretched corner of his lips. Spit gathered against Dream's finger as he kept it there, sliding against his thumb as more of it collected. Red nails dug into the fabric of Dream's jeans, attempted to claw their way into them despite the unhidden cock already

lodged down George's throat.

It was like he wanted more. Selfishly, George wanted more. And he'd hoped that the flutter of his eyelashes over scarlet-tinted eyes could say that for him, but Dream was still sitting there with no movement other than running hands. Other than fingers threaded through dark hair, other than the slide of a slick thumb against his cheek. George mewled, tugging off despite the hold Dream had on him, clearing his throat and letting the spit slide down his chin in thick ropes.

"You can—" George sputtered, wiping spit off his lips with the back of his hand, "—you can use me."

Dream huffed out a laugh through smirking lips, shifted his hands so they both rested in the tangle of George's hair. And he tipped his head back carefully, watched his pretty purpled neck crane upward at the stretch, pink lips falling open with a heaving breath. Dream sat up better so he could lean over George's head, stare down into his dark eyes with a gaze strung taut with mirth.

"Yeah?" His lips curled with daunting vex. "I can use you?"

George tried his best to nod, but the motion was pathetically invisible through his arched neck. He settled on a hopeless-sounding "*please*," caught both by the angle of his head and the submission in his voice.

Dream let himself laugh again, spit into the part of George's lips again and watched it fall against his mouth in a half-miss. But George was quick to flick his tongue out and lick it up, catching every last drop of it like he wanted it more than anything. And Dream leaned back against the carseat again, pulled George's head down with him so those open lips caught around the head of his cock again.

"I won't go easy on you."

George's responding whine was in agreement, and Dream could tell through the noise. He pulled George's head down with a harsh force, dragged him with enough speed to make him gag and mowl, enough to make his eyes screw shut and his nails dig into Dream's clothed thighs again. Dream grit his teeth when he pushed George up, found it better to hold his head still and in the air while he moved his hips up off the seat to push further into his open mouth.

George slid his hands up slightly to dig into the exposed skin above Dream's waistband, to claw crescent-shaped marks to replace the ones that had faded from his hands. The sting of it made Dream groan, made him tighten his hold on George's head and slam his head down to take his cock to the hilt.

He gagged again. It sent his nails digging harder into Dream's skin, carmine nails carving marks into tan skin. George let his head fall sideways despite Dream's hold, shifting his tongue to lay over the side of Dream's cock when his head was tugged upward. He tipped his head to keep his top teeth to himself, slid his eyes open just enough to catch Dream's red face above him, parted lips panting over a groan.

He brought George's head down with greater harshness, pressed his thumbs against the corners of his lips and tried to pull them wider. George mewled at the stretch, eyes shuddering up into the back of his head when Dream only pulled him harder, tried to edge the tip of his thumb into George's wide-open mouth just to see how much he could take.

A lot, as it turns out. George could take a lot.

And Dream let him tug off with a sinful *pop* so he could catch a breath, let his own hands fall against his thighs as George's slid away. He watched the boy with intent, watched him shift on his knees as if seeking comfort, watched him wipe at the spit gathering on his chin and gasp over his breaths. He looked up at Dream with his red-threaded gaze, pupils blown out into pools that swallowed umber near-completely.

"Dream," his voice was obscenely spent, "please."

Dream drew one of his hands out and off his thigh, caught fingers beneath George's jaw and tugged him closer with the touch. It tipped his head back, pulled purple-stained skin taut at the edges and tempting enough for Dream to slide his fingers over it. One of George's hands fell away from his face, pale fingers catching around the metal of a piercing in a desperate search for stimulation.

"Please what?" Dream teased, inching one of his feet over to sit between George's legs. "What do you want, pretty?"

George mewled, watching with unmistakable interest as Dream's free hand caught around the base of his cock. His eyes practically went cross trying to look at everything in front of him, so Dream tugged his head closer—close enough for his lips to hit against the head of his cock, close enough for his mouth to drop open absentmindedly, close enough for Dream to tap his cock against George's lolled out tongue twice with a lewd *slap*.

"What is it?" Dream prodded, sliding his thumb up George's chin to pull his bottom lip downward. "I need you to use your words."

"Just want—" George gasped when Dream's foot pressed against his cock, "—your cock."

"You have my cock," Dream taunted, pressing it between George's lips. "Just keep sucking, baby, I'll get you off after."

That seemed to spur George on, compelled him to shove all of Dream's cock down his throat in one go. Dream groaned in response, dug the tips of his fingers into the skin of George's jaw hard enough to leave a blossoming mark. And he let George have at him again, let him pick the speed—he chose fast—and how much he wanted to take—and he chose *all of it*. It was nearly the same as it had been before, only this time, George was in control.

Dream let his large hands frame George's pretty face, let the tan of his fingers sit stark in comparison to those blushing cheeks. A shade of pink that let his freckles show more clearly, let his arousal be visible even without Dream's foot pressed against his throbbing cock. And there was still a hand toying with the metal on his nipple, pulling on the barbell hard enough for George to mewl around Dream's cock.

He was getting close, close enough for his head to fall back against the seat and leave him looking down at George with a sliver of a gaze. The look he gave surged hot and carmine through George's veins, erred him to suck harder and faster as if he could pull the orgasm out of Dream.

Perhaps he could. Could moan around Dream's cock loud enough, could lift his hips up into the barely-there pressure from his foot, could tug on his own piercing hard enough to look pretty and garnet in his spot on his knees, pretty enough for Dream to pull his hair a little too hard and spill down his throat with a drawn-out moan.

George slid his mouth up to catch as much of Dream in his mouth as he could, let him spill over his lips and tongue and all of it. When George pulled his mouth away with finality, he rolled his

tongue over stained lips with a coy look in his eyes. Let his entire face beam with sick red, his thumb rolling over his chin while the other hand still tugged at his piercing.

Dream groaned, pulled on George's hair as if beckoning him upward, pleased to find that George got the hint and began to climb into Dream's lap with his shaking knees. Dream caught him by the shoulders the moment he could, pulled him down and against his body the moment he could. Both of George's hands fell away from himself and caught on Dream's bare shoulders, red nails already dragging over the freckle-scattered skin with intent.

"You're good at that," Dream said quietly, one of his hands already moving to get George's cock out of his shorts.

"Yeah?" His voice was so beautifully spent. "Then we should do it again sometime."

Dream laughed, rolling his thumb over the head of George's cock. "We can talk about next time," he spit in the palm of his hand, "*after* I get you off."

George hummed in response, dropping his head against Dream's shoulder and pressing swollen lips against his neck. Dream focused all his attention on George's desperate cock, already dripping precum against his finger and looking painfully hard in his hand. He let his free hand catch on the piercing George had been toying with earlier, the metal already warm beneath his touch before he even laid a finger on it.

George mewled at the touch, arched his back and pressed his cock further into Dream's hand. Dream slid his hand down and back up again, kept the motion of his wrist quick and repeated and let his thumb pass over the head on the upstroke. He twisted the piercing between his fingers, savored the whines that fell right into his ear and the slickness of lips against the skin of his neck.

He'd already been right on the edge, so it didn't take much stimulation from either of Dream's hands for George to be spilling all over his palm. Coating the skin of his fingers sticky white, leaving Dream to tug his hand away but keeping the metal of George's piercing pressed tight between his fingers.

He lifted his hand up between them, George feeling compelled to lift his head up and find Dream's panting lips. Dream held his hand up to George's mouth, gave him a look that could only be described as *dangerous*, the entire situation telling George to do nothing but loll his tongue out and like Dream's hand clean.

Before he could swallow, Dream caught his lips in a kiss—laved his tongue across his lips and into his mouth to taste every last bit of George that had been left there. And he kept his fingers toying with that piercing, the feeling of it just enough to make George whimper pathetically into his mouth.

They pulled away with a slick string of spit caught between their lips, breaking within moments to fall against George's chin. He took a gasping breath and looked at Dream with an edge of scarlet, his eyes begging to know when there'd be more. Dream let his gaze fall to the checkered flags laid on the floor of his car for a moment, his eyes finding George again before he could be away for long.

"You coming to my next race?"

George nodded slowly, his eyes everywhere on Dream that he could see. He tried his best to smirk with slick lips, tried to look composed over his clearly fucked-out features and perhaps failing miserably.

“Only if you let me start again.”

Dream looked toward the driver’s side window. His still-running car and the setting sun left him with a clamoring thought: he was so fucking screwed.

Chapter End Notes

[mars' twitter](#)

[honk's twitter](#)

gonna re-mention things here in case it didn't click at first !

both mars and i do **NOT** want reuploads anywhere. we also do not want anyone writing "smut-free accelerate" because that is just. so disrespectful. please come up with your own plot.

also! don't know why this one has to be said, but please stop mentioning it to cc's. this means no donations, no spamming twitch chats, even no talking about it in discord. because yes, i've seen screenshots of people mentioning accelerate while dream is doing his little podcast thing. so please, stop that, respect both mars and i :)

honkdaddy

Chapter Notes

honk here to explicitly say both mars and i do **NOT** want reuploads anywhere. we also do not want anyone writing "smut-free accelerate" because that is just. so disrespectful. please come up with your own plot.

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next race.

When was the next race?

Sapnap and Dream hadn't quarreled over much of anything lately. Yeah, there was the occasional bickering over stupid shit like who out of the two was supposed to get the groceries that week (surprise; it was Sapnap). Or who was supposed to pick up the mail from the post office (Dream made an excuse about being too busy to go, though he's always had a very open schedule). Or what they were going to have for dinner (Dream wanted lamb, Sapnap wanted hamburgers. They ended up getting sushi instead). However, none of it was worth racing over, and quite frankly, it was pissing Dream off.

George had been on Dream's mind almost every single day since the last race. It was odd, because that was their one and only encounter so far, yet the brunet already had Dream wrapped around his delicate little finger.

Dream wanted nothing more than to see the pretty brunet clad in red again, sporting *his* colors. His short-shorts, maybe even a cute little crimson crop top, and his pristine red nails. Waving his checkered flag high in the air, back arching slightly as he lifted himself onto his toes, and eyes shining with excitement and something else—something Dream wanted to see up close and personal again.

But, of course, as all things do, nothing was going Dream's way.

Sapnap had yet to call a race for anything, really. Whether it was just for the sake of it, or because of some petty argument. And at the moment, it seemed like Sapnap had...other things on his mind.

Dream watched from their L-Shaped couch in the living room as Sapnap dragged in his third girl of the week—and it was only Tuesday. Dream rolled his eyes, forcing his line of view to stay level with the television in front of him as Sapnap and the random girl shoved their tongues down each other's throats, blindly backing down the hall toward Sapnap's room.

The door slammed shut, followed by another loud noise that was a mix between a gasp and a moan. When Sapnap and Dream first moved into their current place, Dream had learned very quickly that their shared apartment had thin walls. *Very* thin walls.

Irritation and disappointment welled in Dream's gut. Irritation because, well, he was fucking tired, and now he would have to listen to the pair go at it for the next hour and a half. And disappointment because *fuck*, he missed George.

He missed—no, he *craved* the artificial sugar taste of George's lips on his. He wanted to feel the way George's hips felt under his strong calloused hands again. He wanted to toy with the boy's sensitive nipples, run his thumb roughly over the cold ball of his piercing and leave him squirming, whimpering for more. Dream's eyelids shut as he let out a shuddering breath, images of George in the front seat of his car, between his legs on the floor of his car, and on his lap all dancing around in his mind.

Dream sighed, blinking blankly up to the ceiling. He could feel himself beginning to strain painfully against the fabric of his jeans, which he still had yet to change. The sound of Sapnap and his one night stand was starting to get unbearably loud. Dream pushed himself up and off the couch and grabbed his car keys off the end table beside the couch. He beelined for the front door, not giving a shit about the loud slam as he shut the door behind him.

The cold night air nipped unapologetically against his freckled cheeks. Dream hurried down the concrete steps, turning sharply on his heel as soon as his feet met the ground in the direction of his beautiful, shiny red sports car.

He unlocked his car and plopped into the front seat, hastily reaching down to unbutton his jeans. A breath left his slightly parted lips as the pressure around his erection loosened. Without dwelling on it too much, Dream slid his left hand under his waistband, gritting his teeth as he imagined not his own large, unsteady hand—but instead George's heavenly ones, twisting with such intricacy and skill, moving in all the right ways.

"Fuck."

-

Dream watched from the corner of his eye as the girl struggled to hold her belongings in her arms, quietly excusing herself. The front door closed slowly, barely making a sound as it clicked shut, leaving Sapnap and Dream alone to their own devices in the kitchen. Dream tapped his spoon against the rim of his bowl, his Reese's Puffs cereal no longer looking as appetizing as it once had.

"Now, *she's* definitely coming back," Sapnap grinned loopily, eyes staring off as he leaned his elbows onto the countertop behind him.

"Glad to hear," Dream grumbled sarcastically, dropping the spoon from his grip. He sighed, pushing back on the counter as he kicked his heel against the barstool he sat on.

"Man, you're really missing out with all these girls, Dream," Sapnap's head tipped back, eyes sliding shut as he bit his lip. Dream narrowed his eyes in disgust, visible disapproval for Sapnap's hormonal mindset. Though, was he really one to talk?

"Sap, mind out of the gutter," Dream snapped his fingers teasingly, a breathy laugh leaving his nostrils. Sapnap chuckled lightly, head lolling to rest against his shoulder as he studied Dream's face.

"What?" Dream frowned, nails scraping against the edge of the countertop. The tile felt cold

against the tips of his fingers. Sapnap's lips parted, eyes squinting while he examined Dream's facial features.

Sapnap didn't speak for a while. What was he staring for, anyway? Dream didn't break eye contact, only shifting uncomfortably under the raven's gaze. Dream noticed the dark marks on Sapnap's neck, as well as fading bite marks. Surely they didn't go at it *again* while Dream was asleep?

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity of judgemental silence, Sapnap spoke. "So," he drawled, eyes beaming with something dangerously akin to troublesome. "Who was the flag boy?"

Dream's eyes widened, newfound attention directed solely at Sapnap at the mention of the brunet. He couldn't find it in him to smile, not when Sapnap had such a mischievous look on his face.

"George," Dream's eyebrows furrowed, eyes narrowing a little. "Why?"

"He's hot," Sapnap said bluntly, a smirk tugging at his lips at the way Dream visibly tensed. A flame ignited in Dream, one that was ugly and possessive. Did Sapnap just say George was *hot*? It was one thing to say George was hot, but it was another to say that with such a lustful look in his eyes, like he *wanted* George. Sapnap decided he wanted to prod the fire in Dream's gut further, "I think he'd enjoy a night with me."

"I bet you couldn't please him if you tried," Dream huffed, his hand gripping the edge of the countertop until his knuckles turned white. "Why—why is this even a conversation we're having?"

Sapnap laughed heartily, the sound rubbing Dream in the wrong way. Sapnap had been wanting trouble when Dream last had a girlfriend, and he was definitely looking for trouble now that he saw the blond had his eyes set on someone. Dare Dream be the one to say it, but his own best friend could be straight up toxic at times.

"I dunno, just interested in seeing if he's a good quick fuck or not," Sapnap mumbled, pushing off the counter so he could walk over to the fridge. Dream's blood boiled under his skin, veins burning red hot.

Dream's eye twitched as he opened his mouth to tell Sapnap to "fuck off," but was stopped by Sapnap's overly cocky voice.

"Looks like he'd be easy."

Okay, what the fuck.

Dream had Sapnap pushed against the wall in the blink of an eye, his shirt collar bunched up under Dream's fist. Sapnap's facial expression stayed neutral, but Dream could see right through his little disguise. He could see the way one of his hands shakily made their way up to Dream's, fingers firmly grasping his wrist. He could see the way his Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed nervously.

"Quit the fucking act, Sapnap," Dream growled, venom dripping from his words. "It's not funny."

"Who said it was an act? Let a man be curious, and let a man test out his theory," The raven shrugged nonchalantly, breath hitching as Dream pushed against him more.

"You're not gonna test out shit, fucking dickhead," Dream eyed Sapnap's wide ones, wanting nothing more than to wipe the smug grin off his face with a quick fist to his jaw.

“Well,” Sapnap ran his tongue over his teeth, “a race could settle this.”

Dream scoffed, his anger overriding his excitement for another race. Another race meant he got to see George, which was good. However, Dream wasn’t sure he wanted to see George under the circumstances Sapnap was setting up.

“Whoever wins gets a shot at George.”

“As if I haven’t already had one,” Dream snarled, shoving the hand with Sapnap’s shirt collar back. “And George isn’t some prize to be won.”

“You had no problem doing a race for your ex-girlfriend,” Sapnap frowned, irritation lacing his tone. Dream rolled his eyes and stepped back, hesitantly letting go of the raven man’s t-shirt.

“She was into that. I don’t know,” Dream said and crossed his arms, puffing out his chest slightly. “Who said George was okay with this type of shit? He’s just the flag boy for us.”

“He’s a pretty boy with sass written all over his face, Dream,” Sapnap deadpanned. “I’m sure he’ll love the drama.”

Dream didn’t say anything. He only continued glaring at the raven in front of him, the anger still churning wildly in him. He didn’t appreciate the way Sapnap was talking about George. Not in the slightest.

Dream opened his mouth, preparing to cuss Sapnap out because he fucking deserved it. He deserved every word that was building on Dream’s tongue, as the blond readied himself to lash out with a metaphorical knife. But he was rudely interrupted yet again, by Sapnap and his arrogantly confident words.

“Race on Friday at noon. Either you’re there, or you’re not. And if you’re not,” Sapnap tilted his head away, keeping his eyes trained on Dream’s and watching with amusement as furious flames danced in his pupils. “I guess George and I will be having a little fun.”

“Oh, you little shit—” Dream shouted and reached his hand out to grab onto Sapnap, missing by only a hair’s length as the raven cackled and sped out of the kitchen, heading straight to his room.

“Fucking asshole,” Dream grumbled, clenching his fists at his sides, nails digging crescent shaped holes into his palms.

Dream would get back at him, and he would definitely be winning the race, that’s for sure.

Hot rays of sunshine shone down on the Earth, cursing Dream’s bare arms with a light pink tint. Sweat that had built on his brows was wiped away with ease using the back of his hand as the other held a wet wash mitt.

His overly expensive, beautiful, stunning red sports car sat, all soaped up, under the harsh sun. Dream’s chest swelled as he gave it a once over—the red body, dripping with pink and blue bubbles onto the asphalt below, the black rims on his tires sparkling to exhibit their cleanliness, the scorching sun reflecting off the near-black tinted windows. Dream bit his lip to suppress a grin

because, fuck, his car was sexy.

His thoughts were disrupted by a gentle hand finding its way to his shoulder, fingertips digging into his skin. Dream glanced down, grin growing as his emerald eyes caught glimmering amber ones. George stared up at him with a flirtatious smirk, the stick of a lollipop poking out at the corner of his lips.

“So, a race for me, huh?” George teased as he subconsciously leaned into Dream’s side, eyes unabashedly taking in every inch of Dream’s appearance that he could. Dream chuckled lowly, hand moving to snake around George’s waist and grasp his ass—a different, yet similar pair of red booty shorts hugging his curves perfectly.

“Oh, come on,” Dream murmured, raking his eyes over George’s face. His cheeks were a light pink, freckled with brown specks, prominent cheekbones highlighted with an iridescent shimmer. His lips—those perfect, addicting lips that had Dream up at ungodly hours for a week and a half straight—had a strong red lipstick expertly applied to them, accentuating his cupid’s bow. A sheer red eyeshadow was blended onto his eyelids, making a self satisfied smirk rise on Dream’s already self absorbed face. “Red for me, baby?”

“Of course,” George said coolly, fluttering his lashes innocently as he wrapped his dainty fingers around the stick, opening his mouth to swirl the red lollipop onto his stained tongue. Dream felt a laugh rumble in his chest as he gave a quick slap to George’s ass before pulling away.

Dream peeled the mitt off his hand, tossing it to where Sapnap and a few others were washing their own cars just a few feet from the pair. Sapnap tossed Dream a fierce and determined glare, one that was easily reciprocated by the blond. The raven turned away with an inaudible huff, facing one of his racing friends that he was talking to just moments before.

“And you agreed to this?” Dream asked once he looked back to the brunet. The messy brown locks on top of his head were ruffled by the brisk gust of wind, mocha eyes squinted against the unrelenting sun.

“Why not?” George shrugged, observing with a hand on his hip as Dream began rinsing his car off, the water washing the bubbly soap away with ease. “Seemed fun to watch you two idiots go at it.”

“Is that so?” Dream hummed, raising one of his eyebrows. He watched the liquid soap drip down the side of his car and onto the pavement, revealing the shiny red wrap of his car. George scoffed playfully from beside him as he skimmed over Dream’s dripping wet car.

“God, you’d fuck your car if you had the chance, huh,” George muttered, half-jokingly. Dream shot him a lighthearted glance while spraying the rest of his car off, being nitpicky as to get each soap bubble off of his car.

“Maybe,” Dream teased, wiggling his eyebrows. George shook his head with feigned annoyance. His lips rested in a gentle smile, tongue sticking out in the slightest between his pearly teeth.

Dream turned off the water after he was sure his car was now spotless—leaving just a soaking wet car that needed to be dried off. George whistled as he walked around the car slowly, eyes catching Dream’s once he was opposite of him. The blond’s breath hitched at the seductive smirk on George’s face, one brow raised suggestively.

“Dream,” George puckered his lips, slender digits swiveling the white stick. His lips sucked perfectly around the dwindling piece of candy as he winked, knowing *exactly* what he was doing to Dream. Arousal churned in Dream’s groin as George laughed lowly, pulling the lollipop out with a

lewd *pop* ! “You’d rather fuck the car?” George said, pushing his bottom lip out into a pout, tongue pushing out to kitten lick the sugary sweet.

“Georgie,” Dream groaned, taking long strides to round the car and press against the brunet. George blinked sweetly, not hesitating to push up onto his toes and capture Dream’s lips with his. The lollipop slipped from George’s fingers, falling to the ground, now long forgotten as George’s attention shifted to the intoxicating feeling of Dream’s lips on his.

Dream immediately melted into the kiss, eyes fluttering shut as his hands cupped George’s face. George tasted like everything red—luscious cherries, perfectly ripe strawberries, even tropical raspberries. Dream was only pulled in more and more, wanting to taste the most of George that he could.

His tongue slid against the waxy coating on George’s bottom lip, already feeling the oddly sweet lipstick rub off on his own. Dream felt a *little* bad for ruining George’s perfectly done lipstick, but honestly, he probably looked hotter with it all smudged.

Just as Dream was going to lick into George’s mouth, a rough hand clapped him on the back, causing a noise of irritation and confusion to be ripped from the blond’s mouth. He pulled away from the brunet, who shamelessly chased after his lips with an upset whine.

“Okay, lovebirds, we haven’t even *raced* yet,” Sappnap tutted, cracking his knuckles, probably loudly enough to alert people from over a mile away. An exaggeration of course, because if it had been that audible, Dream might have offered a quick trip to the hospital before their race.

George crossed his arms and rolled his eyes, glancing down to the now ruined and ant infested lollipop, grimacing. Dream’s hand on George’s face slid down to his shoulder, fingertips pressing into his skin, almost possessively.

“Almost noon, huh?” Dream said indifferently, as if he wasn’t just interrupted in the midst of kissing the most gorgeous boy he had ever laid eyes on. Sappnap gave him a look before nodding.

“Can’t wait to beat your ass and score it with this one,” Sappnap clicked his tongue and winked to George, who only blinked in return. A lackluster response, one that made Dream grin in admiration and pride.

“Hey,” Dream smiled softly at George, eyes following the way his thumb swiped under his bottom lip to flawlessly remove the red smudge. Dream’s teeth grazed the corner of his bottom lip as he looked back up to George’s eyes, taking in the anticipation and excitement in them. “Why don’t you go get ready, flag boy?”

He leaned down to George’s ear, breath fanning hotly against his reddening cheeks, “Race is gonna start soon,” Dream murmured, “and when I win, I’m gonna have my way with you.”

-

Dream’s heart pounded against his sternum, pulsing hard enough he could feel it in his ears. His hands gripped his smooth leather steering wheel tightly, knuckles paling from his hold. Sweat that had been building up from standing for hours in the sun slipped down his temple. His car engine rumbled continuously, the low hum bringing comfort to his tense muscles. Dream’s foot was pressed down on the brake, ready to pounce on the gas as soon as George’s little flag signalled

the start of the race.

Dream spared a glance to Sapnap's burnt orange car, blacked out windows rolled up so his face wasn't visible to the blond. His teeth tugged at his lower lip, eyes flickering to his driver's side mirror. George was already looking at Dream, an amorous glint in his amber eyes. Dream beamed, eyes following the flag in his hands as he raised it up high. George delivered one last wink before bringing it down swiftly, and Dream was gone.

His tires screeched on the pavement, quickly picking up speed as his foot shoved the gas pedal to the floor. Sapnap's car was riding dangerously close to his, slowly losing speed as Dream's car backfire sounded, the lever on the speedometer pushing past the *200 mph* marker.

Dream spared a glance at his rear view mirror, watching with bemusement as George jumped around excitedly with all of the other people in their rather large audience. Dream chuckled to himself, feeling breathless as his car pushed and pushed. Dream couldn't help but eye the way George's cute little crop top rode up with his raised arms, exposing the bottoms of the barbells on his nipple piercings.

He let his free hand catch on the piercing George had been toying with earlier, the metal already warm beneath his touch before he even laid a finger on it.

Images of the first and last time George had been alone with Dream flashed through his head as Sapnap's orange car inched forward. That won't do. Not when Dream was getting extremely turned on thinking of the things he would do to George once the race was over, once *Dream* won the race.

He looked way too pretty on his knees between Dream's thighs, fluttering his too-long lashes over those darkened eyes and licking his pink lips wet. His gaze was lidded, a stare in a matching shade of red to the lacquer on his nails.

"Fuck," Dream growled under his breath, eyes flickering from looking back to Sapnap's car and looking forward. Dream made a split second decision, deciding to swerve close to Sapnap. Dream's movements obviously threw the raven off as he panicked, veering away from Dream's shiny red, untouched car (that risked being scratched or worse, dented, because he wasn't thinking clearly and was, quite frankly, being an idiot).

Nails that looked so devilishly pretty when pale hands slid against Dream's cock with deliberate slowness, letting Dream feel the curve of his palm against him and the softness of long fingers.

Fuck, he wanted George so bad. Bad enough to race unfairly, it seemed. He wanted the feeling of his heavenly fingers on his cock again, wanted the feeling of his mouth working wonders as he went down, taking all of Dream into his mouth with little struggle.

An exhilarated grin spread across his face as he laughed, pushing the gas pedal down impossibly more. His car easily passed Sapnap's by a substantial amount, causing a burst of pride to surge through his chest.

He was going to win.

Honestly, not like it mattered, because George didn't seem all too interested in Sapnap in the first place...but, it was still so fucking fun.

Dream could see their shittily marked finish line approaching. Sapnap's car still had the opportunity to pass Dream, still had the opportunity to win. The blond wasn't too into that, the idea

of Sapnap somehow ending up with George for the night, even if it was just a regular hangout. Dream wanted George's eyes on him, and only him.

Feet, inches, *right fucking there*—

“ —Yes!” Dream let out a loud, boisterous cackle as he crossed the line, turning his steering wheel abruptly to spin out, foot grinding on the brake. His tires screeched with finality as dark, black marks appeared on the asphalt.

Like Dream mentioned before, not much goes his way.

So, naturally, one of his tires hits something, and it hits *hard*. Dream's eyes flew open as his mouth clamped shut, a gasp tearing itself from his throat. His car stills, leaving him to breathe heavily and wonder what the *fuck* he just hit.

Dream threw open his driver's side door with shaky hands from the adrenaline and fear. He hobbled out of the car, ignoring Sapnap's aggressive shouting as his eyes zeroed in on the absolute *mess* of his tire. Really, Dream thought he might cry.

His beautiful, sexy, perfect, wonderful, amazing— *everything* his car is, or once was—was now atrocious. His jaw dropped at the broken rim on his tire, and there was a new, odd bubble in his tire. That would be an easy fix, but when would he be able to bring his car to the shop? There was no *way* he could race like that until then, no chance in the whole world.

His car looked repulsive now, and looking at the culprit of the damage made him want to laugh and scream and cry and bitch about how *stupid* it was. Just a rock, maybe one he *shouldn't* have hit with his car, but *still*. Why was it on the road in the first place?

“Dream!” George's voice sounded cheerily from behind the blond, jogging happily. Dream didn't remove his eyes from his rim and tire, still sulking over the money he'd have to pay eventually, his pride now gone fully down the drain. When was the last time he wrecked any of his cars, anyways? Forever ago, if he ever did.

“Oh, shit,” George frowned as he stopped by Dream's side, placing his gentle hand on the taller man's forearm. Dream pouted, turning to look at the brunet.

“Dream! You little—oh, fuck,” Sapnap snorted before bursting out in laughter as soon as he came into view of the car's wheel. “That's what you get, asshole! What was that little stunt you pulled?”

“Look,” Dream sighed, a dumb smile forming on his face. “I was being an ass, okay, I got my karma now.”

“Deserved,” George hummed, “ *very* deserved.”

Dream rolled his eyes and wrapped his arm around George's shoulders. “We should get going though. I can probably take her—”

“—Did you just refer to your car as '*her* ?'—”

“—to the shop,” Dream glared playfully at George, who had his head cocked to the side in bewilderment.

Dream and George piled into Dream's car hurriedly, and Dream was out of there in seconds. He was definitely not wanting to risk having the cops on their ass again. He was still mindful of his tire, because as much as they needed to get out of there, he didn't want his tire bursting *and* the

cops on him.

“Do you know anyone who owns a shop?” George asked, sliding his hand onto Dream’s thigh. The blond’s breath caught in his throat as he looked at George from his peripherals.

“Yeah, uh, my buddy Sam,” Dream said, eyes gazing down to George’s hand, paleness clashing with the dark navy blue of his jeans. He looked back up, forcing his eyes to stay on the road as he navigated his way to where Sam’s auto shop was. “I don’t think he’s there right now, but we can wait around until then.”

“That’s perfectly fine,” George replied with a small smile, hiding his face from the blond as he looked out of the passenger window. Dream caught it though, and a smile of his own grew on his face.

“What’re you thinking, princess?” Dream hummed, dropping one of his hands off the wheel to place it on top of George’s. George turned his hand over, allowing Dream to weave their fingers together. Dream’s heart warmed as he pulled into the parking lot of the auto shop.

As expected, Sam’s car was not there. The garage doors were closed too, but Dream had a key to get inside and open them. Him and Sam were childhood friends so it was common sense that Sam trusted him enough to give him spare keys.

“I’ll be right back, okay, baby?” Dream mumbled as he pulled in front of the closed garage door, leaning over to place a kiss on George’s lips. The brunet’s hand flew to the back of Dream’s neck, keeping him in place as he kissed back eagerly. Dream smiled and chuckled into the kiss, moving over to kiss at the corners of George’s lips instead of where he wanted.

“Okay,” George whimpered and let go of Dream’s neck. The blond snickered and pulled away, pushing the door open so he could get out.

After digging in his pockets for a good minute and a half, Dream unlocked the front door of the shop and walked in, welcoming the cool A/C, a major difference from the blistering heat outside. He knew it would be even hotter in the garage area, but he didn’t really care at the moment. He unlocked the door to the garage, sighing as the heat pushed against him. It smelled like, well, *cars* (not that Dream was complaining). He ran his hand up the frame of the door and stopped beside the buttons that controlled the garage door, pushing gingerly against the one that opened it.

Slowly, the metal door retracted, revealing Dream’s red beauties. George leaned against the side of the car, inspecting his pristine red nails in the sun. Dream’s gut swirled with a flurry of emotions as he smiled warmly at the brunet.

“C’mere,” Dream beckoned, letting his arm hang in the air until the brunet had skipped up to him happily, properly sticking himself to Dream’s side. George giggled, sounding sweet and gentle, like honey.

“Bring your car in here, idiot,” George said fondly and pushed the palm of his hand against Dream’s chest. Dream huffed dramatically and went to bring his car into the garage. He put it in park, twisting his keys inward to turn off his car, and gently shut the car door as he got out.

Just as he was about to say some shitty joke about him *maybe* deserving the scuff on his tire, he heard the sound of the garage door shutting, eyes immediately shooting to where the controls were. George held eye contact, an innocent smile playing on his lips as the outside light slowly faded, leaving them with poorly lit industrials above.

“George?” Dream furrowed his brows, barely even blinking before George’s lips were connected with his, red lipstick staining itself onto Dream’s lips for the third time that day. Dream made a strangled noise before returning the favor, big hands going to rest on George’s slim hips.

George still tasted like the cherry lollipop he had earlier. More faint, for sure, but still there. Dream groaned, pressing his lips against George’s harder. He knew he was being greedy, but to be fair, he didn’t know when Sam would be back. Speaking of, maybe he should text him.

“George,” Dream mumbled sloppily against George’s lips, placing his hand flat against the middle of the smaller man’s chest. “Let me at least find out when Sam is supposed to get back.”

George scoffed and rolled his eyes, pulling back to watch Dream fumble to unlock his phone. He managed to pull up his messages with Sam and send him a quick text of *hey when will you be back to the shop* with shaky fingers. He got a response almost immediately, with Sam saying around an hour and a half. Dream nearly dropped his phone as he haphazardly slid it into his back pocket.

Dream’s hands found themselves cradling George’s stunning face, even though his lipstick was smudged and his cheeks were a bright cherry red. George welcomed Dream’s lips on his again, kissing back with just as much enthusiasm. George’s hands explored every part of Dream he could reach—his clothed chest and abdomen, his nicely toned arms, his lower back, and a quick pinch to his ass.

Dream growled into George’s mouth, biting down roughly onto George’s lower lip. He pulled back, eyes blinking open to find George staring right back at him, pupils blown wide in desperation.

“Want you,” George breathed hotly, eyes sliding shut as he parted his lips and granted Dream access to his wet cavern. Pure want and need churned in Dream’s gut from George’s words, despite how simple they were. He could feel himself beginning to go rigid as the brunet pressed his body closer to Dream’s.

Dream tilted his head, running his tongue against George’s. He walked George back against the front of his car, effectively pinning him to the hood. They hissed as George’s back and Dream’s hand pressed against the hood, still sizzling from being in the sun for hours on end.

“Sam said he’d be back in an hour and a half,” Dream panted heavily, ghosting his slicked lips against George’s. A thin strand of saliva connected the two and Dream used his thumb to wipe it away.

“Well,” George said with a playful glint in his eyes, “we have time.” The brunet rolled his hips up onto Dream’s, both of them shuddering a moan at the way their erections rubbed against one another.

Dream’s hand on George’s cheek went to his thigh, slowly sliding his neatly trimmed nails up the pale expanse of skin until he hooked his fingers around the underside of his thighs. The pads of Dream’s fingers dug into George’s flesh, guiding his leg to wrap around the blond’s middle. Without having to be told, George’s other leg followed suit, bringing Dream impossibly closer.

At one point or another, the kiss had become just teeth, with Dream tugging lightly on the tip of George’s tongue. A quiet moan pushed past George’s lips, fueling the pit of lust in Dream’s abdomen.

He trailed soft kisses down to George’s jawline, smirking as George craned his neck. George’s nimble fingers threaded through Dream’s dirty blond locks, fingernails scraping against his scalp.

Dream's hand that was flat against the hood of his car moved to slide under the brunet's crop top, exposing his pretty pink nipples clad in metal barbells.

Dream ran his thumb over his pink bud and the cold metal, revelling in the way George writhed beneath him, a needy whine passing his lips. Dream bit and sucked down on George's soft skin, leaving many marks that would soon turn a deep purple, contrasting his milky skin. He rolled his tongue sweetly over the bruises, blowing gently onto them with a knowing look in his eyes as George groaned.

"Just—get *on* with it already," George sighed, rutting his hips against Dream's. Dream clicked his tongue and pinched the smaller man's thigh, shaking his head in disapproval and slight amusement at the way George whimpered.

"Patience, Princess," Dream smirked, licking a stripe up his throat.

"We don't have much time, though," George pointed out, accentuating his words with another roll of his hips. "Plus, isn't this the prize you wanted?" He added with a smug smile.

Dream's tongue darted out to wet his lips, eyes watching George's for a moment as the latter pushed out his bottom lip, arching his back into Dream's touch in a silent plea for more. Dream chuckled lowly, twisting one of the barbells in his left hand and observing the way George's face twisted.

"Please, Dream," George gasped, hands hooking under Dream's tight fitting shirt. "Please."

"Hold on, baby," Dream murmured, mirth dripping from his voice. He leaned back and lifted his shirt over his head, tossing it to the side without care. It landed with a soft noise while Dream surged forward to reconnect their lips back into a sloppy kiss.

Dream's hands caressed George's stomach, fingers unbuttoning the brunet's crimson shorts with ease as George disconnected from Dream to toss his croptop away. They were both breathing heavily, with Dream's fingers hooked around the waistband of George's shorts. Instinctually, George spread his legs to help him get them off.

George was looking up at Dream with glazed over eyes, wet lips bitten and kissed raw with lipstick smudged around his lips and onto his chin—and Dream can imagine he isn't any better at the moment. The smaller man's cheeks were flushed an alluring bright red, nearly matching the color of Dream's car below him. Dream narrowed his eyes and chewed on his bottom lip, leaning down next to George's ear.

"God, you're fucking gorgeous," Dream said huskily, tugging the last of George's clothes off his body. George whined as his cock sprang free, slapping lightly against his stomach. Dream glanced down and chuckled, gingerly wrapping his thick fingers around George's length.

"All dolled up for me," Dream huffed a breath of laughter. "Too bad I fucked it up."

George mewled quietly, thrusting his hips up to encourage Dream's hand. Dream kept his hand movements languid, relishing the frustrated tears welling up in George's umber eyes.

"*Dream,*" The brunet grabbed a handful of blond hair, forcing Dream to tip his head back.

"Princess likes to beg," Dream teased, swiping his thumb over the head of George's leaking cock. George's eyelashes fluttered as his head lolled back, resting it on the hood of Dream's car. Dream cooed quietly and sped up his hand movements, his other hand reaching down to knead George's ass.

“Fuck,” George whispered.

Dream’s hand went lower, about to teasingly circle George’s rim when he felt something solid. He stopped both hand movements, an obnoxious smirk spreading across his face as George’s face burned a deeper red.

“All prepped and ready for me, baby boy?” Dream chuckled fondly. George nodded with furrowed brows, turning his head away in an attempt to hide his face.

“I’ll be right back,” Dream lowered himself to press a quick chaste kiss onto George’s collarbones before he pushed off the car and rounded it to throw open the driver’s side door. He reached for the center console, popping it open to dig around for a few seconds before wrapping his fingers around what he needed.

When he returned to George, the brunet had pushed his thighs together in a weak attempt to hide himself, probably feeling exposed from just laying, naked, on Dream’s car. Dream couldn’t imagine how sweaty George’s back side was—Dream already had sweat building on his hairline, the back of his neck, and his upper lip.

“Ready, baby?” Dream winked at George, fingertips tracing the circular object in George’s hole. Dream looked down, drool building in his mouth at the red jewel that stared back at him. George *really* had a thing for sporting Dream’s colors, didn’t he?

“Yes, fuck Dream, I’ve *been* ready,” George whimpered, brows scrunched in pent up frustration. The tears in his eyes still threatened to fall, sweat that had caused his hair to stick to his forehead trickled down the side of his face.

“You already look so fucked out, and I haven’t even fucked you,” Dream snickered cruelly, twisting the plug in George’s ass. The brunet quivered, yanking at Dream’s hair again, eliciting another low chuckle from the blond.

A pathetic whimper left George’s lips as Dream removed the plug, deciding after a few seconds of contemplating to place it on his discarded shirt. He prodded his thumb at George’s hole, lips twitching upwards at the way his hole fluttered greedily.

Desperate fingers quickly pushed down Dream’s jeans and boxers, falling unceremoniously to his ankles. Dream flicked up the cap of the lube and poured a generous amount onto his fingers, bringing them down to his length. Maintaining eye contact with the writhing brunet, Dream spread the lube onto his cock and pressed his tip against George’s hole.

“Fuck, Dream, hurry up,” George’s hands latched onto Dream’s shoulders, red nails digging into the tan, freckled skin. Dream hissed quietly at the sting, though the pain wasn’t unwelcomed.

Dream knew he was going a little too slow for the time frame they were given, but in the moment, he could give less of a fuck.

“Georgie,” Dream leaned his chest down onto George’s, placing one hand onto the smaller man’s hip and one on his chest. His fingers ran lightly over his soft erect bud, teeth sinking into George’s bottom lip. “Gonna be good for me? Gonna take me so well?”

“Yes,” George whispered, eyes squeezing shut as large tears finally spilled from his eyes. He sniffled, arms and thighs shaking from how bad he wanted Dream. “Please fuck me.”

“Okay, Princess,” Dream purred, licking into George’s mouth as he slowly pushed in. The brunet tensed below him, nails scraping lines down the blond’s shoulder blades. Dream could feel every

part of George as he bottomed out, hips flush with George's ass.

Dream allowed George a second to adjust and breathe, waiting for him to tell Dream to move. George's tears had dried, leaving pale streaks down his pink face. George's eyes opened slowly as he rocked his hips back, moaning as the tip of Dream's cock ghosted his prostate.

"You good?" Dream asked, brushing George's bangs back. George leaned into Dream's touch, lazily nodding with big doe eyes.

Dream pressed a sweet kiss to George's sweaty forehead, pulling out until just the tip rested in George, then thrust in with a grunt. George moaned loudly, back arching as Dream began to pound into him relentlessly.

The weeks he spent with his hand down his pants, wishing it was George's hands instead of his own, was evident in the way he fucked George. He had been wanting, needing, *craving* George since the first race, since the first time they fucked around. And now, *now*, he finally had him.

He had George pinned against the hood of his own *car*, for fuck's sake. Legs spread all pretty, head thrown back in pure ecstasy. Tears slipped down George's cheeks as Dream picked up his pace with a bruising grip on his waist. He wanted marks to be there; all for George to see when he changes, showers, *anything*.

He had George moaning like they were the only two people to exist in the world, like they were in their own little isolated bubble. And they were.

In the nasty, hard-to-breathe-in car garage, Dream fucked George like his life depended on it. In the nasty, dimly lit car garage, Dream fucked George like he was worshipping him, giving in to each and every want and need the brunet asked for. In the nasty, car-smelling garage, Dream fucked George like it was his one and only chance to.

(News flash: it definitely wasn't going to be).

Dream made a split-second decision and pulled out, giving George enough time to make a noise of confusion before he was flipped onto his stomach with a hand pressing between his shoulder blades. Dream pushed back in, eagerly returning to fucking the life out of George.

A wanton moan passed George's pretty, plump lips as he arched his back, hands clenching in on themselves because he had nothing else to grab. Dream pressed hard on George's back (mindful of his nipple piercings scraping his car, mind you), changing his angle in the slightest, and rightfully receiving a choked out half-moan, half-scream.

"Dream!" George cried out, gasping and moaning as Dream's hand on the middle of George's shoulder blades slid up, instead grabbing a fistful of brown hair to crane George's head backwards. George let out a strangled sob, grinding back in time with Dream's thrusts.

"Yes, Princess?" Dream groaned, leaning down to nibble at the shell of George's ear.

"T-Touch me," George begged, hiccuping through his moans and tears, "please!"

"Anything for you," Dream pressed his mouth against George's neck to leave open-mouthed kisses as the grip in George's hair loosened, the hand ghosting down the brunet's stomach until he enveloped George's length into his hand.

The brunet keened at that, moans becoming breathy and tears coming out uncontrollably. Dream could feel the heat in his stomach beginning to coil, could feel the drag of his own cock on

George's walls.

"Dream—s'close," George moaned, turning his head to look at Dream through glossy eyes. Dream might've cum right then and there if he wasn't holding off for George. George bit his lips before his jaw went slack, "*Please.*"

"*Fuck,*" Dream pressed his lips against George's—not exactly a kiss, but more of their lips brushing as they moaned into each other's mouths. "Baby, I'm close too."

George's hips went lax as he tensed around Dream, spurts of white spilling from his flushed cock and onto Dream's hand and bright red car. Dream bit down on George's shoulder and moaned, releasing deep inside of George.

The dirty blond rode them through their orgasms until it was just a bit too much, both wincing as he pulled out. Dream rolled onto his back on his car, glancing over to see just how fucked out George looked.

His fluffy brown hair was sticking up in every way possible, some of it damp and sticking to his forehead. His eyeshadow and mascara was pretty much ruined, leaving dark streaks down his cheeks where he had been crying. His lipstick was absolutely gone, only leaving a barely visible red tint to his already pink lips. Dream smiled warmly and leaned forward to press their lips together in a short, sweet kiss. A kiss that spoke volumes, though no words were exchanged.

And then he remembered that they barely had any time to clean up before Sam arrived.

"Holy sh— *George!*" Dream gasped, eyes flying open as he pushed off of his car. George blinked, dazed and very, very confused. His eyes followed Dream's frantic movements to get his clothes back on, to get a box of tissues out of his car, and to clean the mess off of George and his car.

"What're you all...worked up about?" George slurred as he started pulling his own garments on. Dream stopped in his tracks, deadpanning the brunet with tight lips.

"Sam."

"Oh, shit," George giggled and finished buttoning the last button on his high waisted shorts. Dream rolled his eyes fondly and sighed as soon as they looked mildly presentable—well, minus George's absolutely wrecked hair and the makeup tracks down his cheeks.

Dream ruffled George's hair, taming it mostly, and stuck his tongue out as the brunet scowled and swatted his hand away. Dream then licked the pad of his thumb and gently rubbed away the black makeup stains on George's cheeks, which made the smaller man feign disgust.

"When is Sam even—"

"—Hey Dream!" A familiar voice sounded from the entrance. Dream mustered up the best grin he could, definitely *not* feeling awkward, and gave a small wave. Sam stepped into the garage, eyes falling from Dream to George, where a puzzled look crossed his face, "Who's this?"

"He's—"

"—George," The aforementioned cut in, sticking out his hand with a sickeningly innocent smile. Sam beamed, taking George's hand in his. "You're Sam, correct?"

"Yep! That's the name," Sam chuckled. "It's nice to meet you, George."

“Nice to meet you too,” George stepped away so Sam and Dream could talk.

“So, Dream,” Sam walked over to the blond’s car, slowly circling it. “What happened?”

“Uh, driver’s side tire,” Dream said with a sheepish grin. “I hit a rock after Sap and I’s race today.”

“Sounds like something you’d do,” Sam shook his head lightheartedly before stopping in front of the tire, crouching to get a better look at it. George and Dream exchanged glances as he did.

George migrated to Dream’s side, looking up at him with wide eyes before muttering, “It’s a good thing Sam doesn’t have cameras.”

And Dream couldn’t help but silently agree with his loud, signature wheeze and a slap to his knee. When Dream finally looked back up to George, pure contentment visible in his emerald eyes, George smiled. His smile reached his eyes, his lower lids squinting as a giggle sweet as honey fell past his lips. Dream returned the smile easily with one small, enamored thought:

George would definitely be sticking around and Dream was *definitely* fucked.

Chapter End Notes

gonna re-mention things here in case it didn't click at the first three times i said it !

both mars and i do **NOT** want reuploads anywhere. we also do not want anyone writing "smut-free accelerate" because that is just. so disrespectful. please come up with your own plot.

also! don't know why this one has to be said, but please stop mentioning it to cc's. this means no donations, no spamming twitch chats, even no talking about it in discord. because yes, i've seen screenshots of people mentioning accelerate while dream is doing his little podcast thing. so please, stop that, respect both mars and i :)

hope u enjoyed :)

End Notes

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